

tall vase crowded with snowy blossoms that were wilted and drooping, now gave out a sickly sweet odor. A luminous dusk was gathering without, a shaded lamp made mellow light within.

She was lying back wearily in a great dark chair. Her face had not changed, fixed, pallid, emotionless as stone, but her hollow dusky eyes gave back his glance as he stood before her.

"Helene," he said, "Helene, my wife. You will do yourself harm by indulging such bitter grief. You must rouse yourself, you must take some rest. If I could but lighten the burden for you."

There was passionate entreaty underlying the quiet tone he compelled himself to use, but hers was only monotonous and weary when she answered.

"You have been kind and very considerate. Can I tax your forbearance a little longer? I should like to be alone till the clock strikes; I have been used to sitting with papa at this time."

He left her without a word. For a little while she sat with listless hands folded, and her still face outlined against the quaint carving of the dark old chair. Then the slender hands went up to brush across her eyes as if sweeping away some mist which obscured the sight.

"And this at the very beginning of life," she said, to herself. "I have lost the two I loved best on earth; I am bound to a man who will be my master but whom I shall never love, and it seems that the very blackness of despair is only brooding—is yet to fall upon me. This quiet which they call unreasoning grief is the absence of all feeling unless an undefined pity of myself in the time to come. I wish I could feel grief, anguish, any thing but this dreary calm."

She rose up to trail her sable dress back and forth across the stained and polished floor, then paused to draw back the curtains from the open casement and looked out into the dusk of the summer night. A waft of warm breeze swept over her face, a few stars were blinking already in the pale sky, a shrill-voiced insect chirruped monotonously somewhere near, and a night-bird raised its first melancholy cry afar off.

Scarcely noting them, these things all stamped themselves upon her memory to recur again months hence when the humiliation and the anguish fell of which she had this night a warning prescience.

Towering above the foliage which intervened, a darker shadow against the dusk, was the tree under which she had parted from Clive Tracy.

That seemed ages ago, and it was but three days' time; were the coming years doomed to drag themselves so interminably? Seeing it recalled something, and she turned to a little closed cabinet standing in a space between two windows.

One link yet to be severed between her and the happy girl life. A few letters and a curl of blonde hair which she took from an inner drawer, the souvenirs of that dream of love ruthlessly sacrificed. She lighted a taper and held them one by one in the blaze until only a little heap of gray ashes remained, and the last link was severed. The clock struck, and she awaited the coming of her husband. Waited so long, too, that even her stony indifference was stirred with wonder that he did not come.

Leaving her, he had gone out to pace the lawn in front of the mansion. A tall clock in the hall would ring out its resonant clang, presently, and recall him to his side; he had no mind to leave her now more than the time she had waited. If tenderness and unwearied devotion ever prevailed over a woman's heart, he determined that his should in winning her love. There was a little gall mingled with the bright pleasure of the anticipation. His head bowed upon his breast, and his gloomy, stormy face indistinct in the night shadows, betrayed that.

He started as a hand fell upon his arm, and turned to face a woman, unusually tall, dark, ominous, there beside him.

"Boyd, I have been watching for you."

He shook off her hand and stood as if turned to stone.

"How rejoiced you are to see me, to be sure! Who could have foreseen such a meeting when we parted, something near two years ago?"

"I hoped we might never meet again in the wide world."

"Kind, as of old, my dear Boyd. You would spare me the pangs of remembrance, the envious thrills over what *should* have been when I see the afflicted bride. It was a little too late to be here for the wedding, as was my first intention."

Without answering, he gripped her arm and hurried her away from the immediate vicinity of the mansion.

"Now, in Heaven's name, why are you here?" he demanded, dropping her arm and stepping back a pace, unmistakable anger in his voice, threatening, too, it would seem.

"To offer congratulation, since you have come into possession of the fair being—the object of your latest 'grand passion,' perhaps. It would have made a difference had I arrived three days ago."

She advanced a step and the door swung close. Boyd Stuyvesant rose slowly up, grave and determined.

"Possibly—but it would have been the worse for you."

She went on without observing the interruption.

"Then I would have seen the happy bride-elect and related a little episode occurring not more than two years ago in a sequestered region up among the Alleghany mountains. A sweet summer idyll well fitted for such dainty ears."

"I haven't a doubt of your kind intentions, Margray," he broke in, ironically. "Thank fortune, you are too late to carry them into effect. Why are you here, I ask again? I left you provided for, but if it is money you want you shall have it freely."

The woman's voice was richly musical, and she had it perfectly under control. Her face, as seen in the clear starlight, was regular and bold of feature, dark almost to swarthiness—a striking face even as seen by that indistinct light. Stuyvesant was impressed by it as she regarded him for the moment speechlessly.

"How you have changed, Margray. I never would have believed two years could have made such a difference."

"That time alone would not have worked the change," she answered, quietly. "Two years ago I was an unadvised, inexperienced girl; now I am a woman who suffers and hates. Believe me, there is nothing like suffering and hate to mature one rapidly; those influences work like magic—a quicker, surer magic than love itself. Do you think I would touch money of yours, for myself, Boyd Stuyvesant? I would starve—die first. And I don't wish to die, for I have a whole life's work ahead of me. It is only right you should provide for the child, and I shall not be slow to call upon you when I need money for her. I am here to say to you that from now until your dying day my vengeance shall pursue you. While you live you shall know neither peace nor happiness; bold and strong as you are, self-sufficient as you think yourself, you shall live in constant fear of me. It is not in my blood to forgive an injury, and you shall make such an atonement as you little dream of, even now. I shall devote all my life to revenging the wrong which you shall expiate. I will be an avenger on your track, hunting you through life, striking when you least expect it at your weakest points. Fear of me shall make your existence what you would have made mine had I been weak as you thought me. It is to tell you this I am here to-night."

"Fear?" he said, throwing back his tall head. "I fear you? Do your worst and you can but expose your own weakness. I have never known fear in all my life, and it is not probable that a woman shall teach it to me now. Margray," his voice softened, "I am not the man I was in times past. Heaven knows, if bitter remorse can blot out my reckless acts, they will never appear against me. I have turned my back on all that and have begun my life anew. You are bitter against me now, but you must see what idly wasted breaths are those threats of vengeance against me. It would be useless to ask you to forget—I shall make such amends as it is in my power to make, and it will be better for both if we never meet again."

"I have sinned, and I am willing to be forgiven—what a concession for you to make!

What a softening influence love has to melt your despotic pride so far! You are willing to be at harmony with even me! You are quite content to let me sink my bitter remembrances if only I leave you in peace! Loving once, I have ceased to love; hating once, I shall hate on forever—and you yours. You shall learn fear yet, and at the hands of a woman. Defy me now while you may; it will not be for long. What if I should go in there now and denounce you to your waiting bride?"

"I should tell her the simple truth, and throw myself upon her mercy."

"I might do it if she cared for you—but that would be too poor revenge. It would scarcely make her suffer, the simple knowledge of your unworthiness; and my revenge, like my nature, has hidden depths which you will not probe for a time."

"Have you done, Margray? Will you go before some of the servants come prowling about to discover you here, or shall I send a bodyguard to escort you outside the gates? For your own sake as well as mine, I trust you will make no repetition of this night's seeking."

"From this time I shall seek you only to enjoy my power. You were at my feet once

pleading for my favor; you shall be there again sooner than you think—but it will be to beg for mercy. While we both live you shall never know mercy from me."

The tall form moved silently away, and in a moment was swallowed up in the deep shadow of neighboring foliage. Boyd Stuyvesant stood still for a little space, breathing hard, his face sternly set under the light of the stars.

"The way of the transgressor is hard," he muttered. "But we never know it until we turn from our transgressions. I would give quite ten years of my life—of my best and happiest years—if that last crowning piece of recklessness had never been committed. Heaven forgive me for it! I shall face the result and face it down, whatever it may be."

The tall form was swallowed up in the deep shadow of neighboring foliage. Boyd Stuyvesant stood still for a little space, breathing hard, his face sternly set under the light of the stars.

"The way of the transgressor is hard," he muttered. "But we never know it until we turn from our transgressions. I would give quite ten years of my life—of my best and happiest years—if that last crowning piece of recklessness had never been committed. Heaven forgive me for it! I shall face the result and face it down, whatever it may be."

Helene became a leader in fashionable circles. A very model leader, heartless and soulless, people said; brilliant, extravagant, admired, envied, flattered and blamed, all at once.

But the two were seldom seen together. They were as utterly separated in their tastes and pursuits, as though no shadow of a bond drew them together.

A check had come to Mrs. Stuyvesant's dazzling, dissipated career, however. It was more than human strength could endure to follow forever the gay, restless course she had run. Her health gave way at last, and for a few turns she remained in comparative retirement in this delightful suburban villa.

Why Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant made such a hollow mockery of the happiness which should have been theirs, was an enigma which seventeen years' guessing on the part of the world had failed to solve. Theirs had been a *marriage à convenance* on one side at least, but such marriages have been, and will be again, with never such a decided and bitter result. There were whispers of a former love affair on the part of Helene, of wild and reckless deeds in Boyd's youth; but after the fashion of this Nineteenth Century of ours, all that should be buried without leaving a ghost.

Mr. Stuyvesant himself was walking up and down his library floor, with bowed head, and hands clasped upon his back. He had grown old in the seventeen years. He was gray and wrinkled before his time; he was nervous and abraded habitually, and any sudden interruption was apt to bring a startled, hunted look into his eyes. He wore the appearance of a man always on his guard against some impending evil, yet shrinking from and dreading it.

"Seventeen years to-day, since my bitter experience began," he was thinking to himself. "How much longer will nature sustain the burden? The fear, forever haunting me, is the bitterest curse Heaven could have sent or hell devised for my punishment. God knows I am suffering a life of torment. If only that fiend in woman's shape would be satisfied with it! If only she would spare the child of my love! I could live an anguished life, die a tortuous death, and be happy through all for that knowledge. For five years that woman has held aloof, has neither sent me word nor token, and the suspense I have borne has been worse and harder to endure than her taunting appearances. Will another year go by in the same way? I scarcely know whether I hope or dread it most."

He did not pause in his restless walk, but his glance shifted uneasily, watching the door, and the view he could obtain from the long windows.

In his nervously expectant waiting, time seemed to drag interminably, yet it was but a little time until what he watched and waited for came! Not quite in the way he had expected, but came nevertheless, adding its share to the burden he already bore, giving him a little respite from the fear which hung a horror-cloud over his life. It came in the shape of a letter.

A square plain envelope, addressed in a hand almost masculine in its firm round outline. A hand, the sight of which brought that pallid circle about his lips, the mark of strong though repressed agitation; then he tore it open, and glanced his eye over the one closely-written page. A sigh and a groan escaped together from his tortured breast. The strong man, broken down in the prime of his manhood, was quite unnerved.

"Oh, Heaven—that! Of all the ways she might find to torture me, I never apprehended that!"

He took another turn or two across the library floor, then went into the passage with an unsteady tread, the letter crushed and crumpled in his hand. Up the stairway, where the thick carpeting muffled his tread, the length of a wide hall above, and he tapped at his wife's door. It was opened from within by a thin, sallow, pale-haired and middle-aged woman, Mrs. Stuyvesant's companion.

It was lady's boudoir to which he was admitted. A tiny exquisite apartment; the walls

rose-tinted, and the hangings rose silk under lace; it was like the inner surface of a shell.

Mrs. Stuyvesant reclined upon a couch, but rose to a sitting posture as he entered.

It was a strangely immovable face she turned toward him. A little thinner than it had been seventeen years before, the dusky eyes seeming

larger, with dark shadows beneath them, but otherwise the same. It would almost seem that set, still, deathly-pallid look which had settled upon her features then, had never softened or changed. He paused just within the door, as she glanced from him toward her companion.

"You may go for a little time, Miss Lang. You are quite at liberty for an hour, and wait within call after that. Will you be seated, Mr. Stuyvesant?"

It was a coldly formal address to come from a wife to her husband, and it gave him an additional pang. He had ruthlessly trampled every intervening consideration to gain possession of her, and this was a part of his cross to bear her always, and yet as surely separated as at the antipodes. He came forward a pace, but without seating himself.

"I have received a message, Helene."

CHAPTER III.

AFTER SEVENTEEN YEARS.

A STONE villa in the midst of pleasant, well-kept grounds skirting the river, was the suburban home of the Stuyvesants.

Autumn had dashed touches of vivid coloring here and there amid the foliage. Drifting leaves strewed the turf with a sparse tracery—a darkly emerald carpet with fantastic pattern of wood-brown, scarlet, and orange. An early frost had left the summer viney drooping, and scre-looked; and beds of fall flowers nodded their vivid tints from stalks where leaves languished, and were already falling away—like a gala-garb flung over the blight of desolation sapping out life at the roots.

It was a fair type of the life the Stuyvesants had led—husband and wife—for this seventeen years past. Brilliant, gay, luxurious, with such bitterness of desolation under all, as the world in which they moved never suspected. And yet the world knew much of their affairs, whispered the disapprobation it dared not speak openly, and made dark allusions to the mystery it did not understand.

It was no secret that the marriage, which the world's view had promised so fairly eighteen years before, had resulted most unhappily. That death at the bridal, which some of the superstitious had shuddered at, seemed to have been followed by all the evil influences they had apprehended and predicted.

For the first year a shadow, which might have been the shadow of grief only, had hovered over the wedded pair—a shadow, which friends fondly hoped was dissipated at the birth of little Coral. But within two months following that happy event, had come an outburst, of what precise nature nobody knew; but afterward husband and wife had lived beneath the same roof, courteous and civil to each other always, but holding no more communication than if they were the veriest strangers simply thrown together in casual meeting.

Boyd Stuyvesant devoted himself with unwearied zeal to his profession of the law, and rose high in it.

Helene became a leader in fashionable circles. A very model leader, heartless and soulless, people said; brilliant, extravagant, admired, envied, flattered and blamed, all at once.

But the two were seldom seen together. They were as utterly separated in their tastes and pursuits, as though no shadow of a bond drew them together.

A check had come to Mrs. Stuyvesant's dazzling, dissipated career, however. It was more than human strength could endure to follow forever the gay, restless course she had run. Her health gave way at last, and for a few turns she remained in comparative retirement in this delightful suburban villa.

Why Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant made such a hollow mockery of the happiness which should have been theirs, was an enigma which seventeen years' guessing on the part of the world had failed to solve. Theirs had been a *marriage à convenance* on one side at least, but such marriages have been, and will be again, with never such a decided and bitter result. There were whispers of a former love affair on the part of Helene, of wild and reckless deeds in Boyd's youth; but after the fashion of this Nineteenth Century of ours, all that should be buried without leaving a ghost.

Mr. Stuyvesant himself was walking up and down his library floor, with bowed head, and hands clasped upon his back. He had grown old in the seventeen years before his time; he was nervous and abraded habitually, and any sudden interruption was apt to bring a startled, hunted look into his eyes. He wore the appearance of a man always on his guard against some impending evil, yet shrinking from and dreading it.

A check had come to Mrs. Stuyvesant's dazzling, dissipated career, however. It was more than human strength could endure to follow forever the gay, restless course she had run. Her health gave way at last, and for a few turns she remained in comparative retirement in this delightful suburban villa.

Why Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant made such a hollow mockery of the happiness which should have been theirs, was an enigma which seventeen years' guessing on the part of the world had failed to solve. Theirs had been a *marriage à convenance* on one side at least, but such marriages have been, and will be again, with never such a decided and bitter result. There were whispers of a former love affair on the part of Helene, of wild and reckless deeds in Boyd's youth; but after the fashion of this Nineteenth Century of ours, all that should be buried without leaving a ghost.

Mr. Stuyvesant himself was walking up and down his library floor, with bowed head, and hands clasped upon his back. He had grown old in the seventeen years before his time; he was nervous and abraded habitually, and any sudden interruption was apt to bring a startled, hunted look into his eyes. He wore the appearance of a man always on his guard against some impending evil, yet shrinking from and dreading it.

A check had come to Mrs. Stuyvesant's dazzling, dissipated career, however. It was more than human strength could endure to follow forever the gay, restless course she had run. Her health gave way at last, and for a few turns she remained in comparative retirement in this delightful suburban villa.

Why Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant made such a hollow mockery of the happiness which should have been theirs, was an enigma which seventeen years' guessing on the part of the world had failed to solve. Theirs had been a *marriage à convenance* on one side at least, but such marriages have been, and will be again, with never such a decided and bitter result. There were whispers of a former love affair on the part of Helene, of wild and reckless deeds in Boyd's youth; but after the fashion of this Nineteenth Century of ours, all that should be buried without leaving a ghost.

Mr. Stuyvesant himself was walking up and down his library floor, with bowed head, and hands clasped upon his back. He had grown old in the seventeen years before his time; he was nervous and abraded habitually, and any sudden interruption was apt to bring a startled, hunted look into his eyes. He wore the appearance of a man always on his guard against some impending evil, yet shrinking from and dreading it.

A check had come to Mrs. Stuyvesant's dazzling, dissipated career, however. It was more than human strength could endure to follow forever the gay, restless course she had run. Her health gave way at last, and for a few turns she remained in comparative retirement in this delightful suburban villa.

Why Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant made such a hollow mockery of the happiness which should have been theirs, was an enigma which seventeen years' guessing on the part of

compelled to rely on currents of the sea to transport it in search of food; and thus its voracious maw is ever unsatisfied, and the avidity with which it seizes on a prey is always the terrible longing of semi-starvation.

Now it had risen to the surface from the bottom of the sea, where it had been lying in wait for prey like a cat, attracted by the appearance of the galleon, which it took for a living creature, and especially by the sight of Dona Inez looking over the taffrail.

At the first blow of the ax, the long feeler, at the end of the arm which encircled the girl, thrashed madly and blindly about, while hundreds of little mouths opened in the under surface of the deadly coils and began to tear and suck at the poor victim's flesh.

The Biscayan, fearless of the flying weapon that thrashed about the quarter-deck, heaved up the ax again, with a muttered curse of desperation, and dealt a second blow at the same place.

The blow was effectual, for it divided the writhing, snake-like arm, and a flood of dark, horrible blood spouted from the wound on the white deck. The coils around the Spanish maiden relaxed and fell nerveless from her, when Morganos snatched her away to the other side of the deck, and laid her senseless to one of the guns, out of sight of the glaring eyes of the terrible sea-cat.

And he was only just in time to do it; for the rest of the huge arm, where it was not cut off, kept feeling and gilding about, as if nothing had happened, reaching further and further at every writh. Meanwhile, in the waist of the ship, matters were at a terrible pass. When Morganos looked down from the lofty after-castle, the sight caused even his iron nerves to shudder a moment.

Those writhing arms, eight in number altogether, were twining, twisting and lashing about on the decks among the crew. Two of them, each with a shrieking, struggling victim enclosed, rose up in the air as he looked, and were recurred over the side toward those terrible jaws, only to return, empty, for more victims. The brave portion of the crew were hacking at the scaly arms with axes, and had already succeeded in severing two, but the result appeared not to inconvenience the sea-cat at any extent.

Like all animals of the low organization of the radiates, the sea-cat seems to be insensible to pain, and unharmed unless attacked at the center of its system.

And the center of that mass of writhing hideousness was slowly but surely lifting itself up the side of the galleon, by the strength of its mighty arms, so that the glaring eyes might be able to see the prey those arms were now suddenly seeking for.

Then it was that the dauntless buccaneer suddenly leaped from the aftercastle, ax in hand, and flung himself into the *meles* below, of the monster.

Two fierce blows, and one of the arms was divided close to the bulkhead, while Morganos pressed close to the stump, streaming black blood as it was, knowing that there was the only place of comparative safety. The deck was strewed with weapons, dropped from the hands of victims; five men had already been snatched overboard to a fearful doom; the rest, paralyzed with terror at the apparent uselessness of their efforts, had sunk on their knees to pray for mercy, when the loud shout of the Biscayan roused them anew.

"For shame, cowards! If ye must die, die fighting! Boarding-pikes here! Stab him in the eyes, when you see them!"

As he spoke, one of the long arms wrapped itself round the mainmast, and grew rigid as a column of iron, while it became evident that the terrible body was rising up from the sea.

"Pikes! pikes!" yelled the Biscayan, and at the word, the men gathered fresh courage, and ran to him with weapons. He dropped the ax, and seized a long pike, just as the black, round-ed mass of the creature's head rose over the bulkheads. The remaining arms, four in number, were all attached to various parts of the ship, and straining violently to raise the body, so that a moment's respite from death was afforded the cowardly Spaniards. They clustered behind the bold Biscayan like sheep behind their leader, holding their pikes with trembling hands.

Then, with a sudden slippery surge, the great black pulpy mass of the monster's body flopped over the rail, with huge glaring eyes standing far out of its head, a gaping maw below, and came down with a heavy squelch on the deck!

In the same instant, all of the mighty arms detached their hold, like lightning, and darted writhing among the crew.

For now the sea-cat could see its prey.

But if its means of offense were thus intensified, its defense was at the same time weakened.

The one vulnerable point, the eye, was within reach; and deep into that eye the buccaneer drove the long pike, while fifty similar weapons, plunged with the energy of despair into the same vulnerable place, and into the soft pulpy belly of the fearful monster, transfixed it in a moment to the blood-stained deck of the galleon.

The sea-cat quivered all over; and its mighty arms, no longer sentient, coiling weapons, obedient to the will, shook and thrashed blindly about, till they slowly stiffened in death.

Even in death, their wild blows struck down several sailors and soldiers, and swelled the ghastly roll of slaughter. But it was only the expiring effort of the creature. In a few minutes it had ceased to quiver, and lay still and stiff, the black blob, weltering over the deck in streams, while the triumphing Biscayan turned coolly away, and accosted Don Alonzo as if nothing had happened, saying:

"Senior Espinosa, now we will hoist the boat, if you please. The sea-cat never hunts in couples."

CHAPTER V.

THE BUCCANEERS' RENDEZVOUS.

Five years have rolled their round away, and the scene changes to the edge of the tropic forests of Darien. The perpendicular stems of enormous trees towered aloft on every side, with a maze of tangled lianas stretching from bush to bush overhead, and well-nigh shutting out the intense glare of the tropic sun; so that all beneath was a delicious bower of cool verdure. The ground had been cleared of all the luxuriant vegetation below by the hand of man, and the flowers were blooming fifty feet overhead, every vine loaded with its own separate species, while the wild jasmine, tuberos, and night-blooming cereus covered the trunks of many an old tree.

At the edge of this forest, in a partial clearing, which opened on a green savanna to the north, a group of men were gathered around the form of a woman, who appeared to hold sway over them, from the deference which they paid to her.

The men were Indians, armed with bows, arrows, and spears; the woman was to all seeming of white blood, although completely Indianized in costume and surroundings. Her form had all the delicate symmetry peculiar to the Caucasian race, when untrammeled and undeformed by fashion, and her large liquid brown eyes and curling hair, as well as the pale

tint of her skin, sufficiently marked the superiority of her race over that of the coarse-haired copper-hued Indians around her.

Her dress, what there was of it, was of the most costly materials, a crown or diadem of gold, set with rough emeralds of great size, and a short skirt reaching to the knees, made of strings of gold beads, in the form of a long heavy fringe, which, by its weight, always adjusted itself to the movements of the wearer. The rest of her body and limbs, graceful and rounded as those of a Greek statue, were unumbered with clothing, and yet, from the force of purity and chastity in the face of the girl, seemed as proper and decent as if robed in a nun's habit. The diadem on her head was crowned with white plumes, and she bore in her hand a slender spear made of solid gold, which was her ensign of royalty.

The Indian Queen looked across the open savanna, on the further side of which lay the open sea, and watched, with an eager gaze, the sails of a vessel that was standing toward the shore.

The presence of several other vessels, lying at anchor in the mouth of a river to the right, announced the presence of white men, in probably familiar intercourse with the Indians of Darien.

The King of the strangers approaches, Chepo, I know his ship. 'Tis larger than all the rest," said the queen, to a grizzled old Indian.

"Run back; hasten to rouse the tribe to receive and welcome him."

The old Indian bowed his face to the earth, and then turned away and hastened into the depths of the forest, when the queen continued:

"And you, Natato, go and prepare the palace in the air, with a feast such as the strange king loves; and I, Lola, Queen of Darien, will go among the strangers to meet him."

"Great queen," said one of the Indians, respectfully, "it's not safe for you to go among the friendly Indians, who will trot backward and forward with news as the foreign devils advance. As yet they have done nothing, except to attack our fort at Chagres, which, as your excellency well knows, is capable of defying all their forces."

"I know nothing out of my own sight, Don Luis," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Run back; hasten to rouse the tribe to receive and welcome him."

"Tell me, captain, what you have discovered about the pirates and their intentions," said the Governor. "Have you ordered out the scouts I told you, and have they reported?"

"They have come in this morning, not an hour ago," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Luis Mendoza has not been a soldier for naught, your excellency. The whole of the track from here to Chagres is full of our friendly Indians, who will trot backward and forward with news as the foreign devils advance. As yet they have done nothing, except to attack our fort at Chagres, which, as your excellency well knows, is capable of defying all their forces."

"I know nothing out of my own sight, Don Luis," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Run back; hasten to rouse the tribe to receive and welcome him."

"Tell me, captain, what you have discovered about the pirates and their intentions," said the Governor. "Have you ordered out the scouts I told you, and have they reported?"

"They have come in this morning, not an hour ago," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Luis Mendoza has not been a soldier for naught, your excellency. The whole of the track from here to Chagres is full of our friendly Indians, who will trot backward and forward with news as the foreign devils advance. As yet they have done nothing, except to attack our fort at Chagres, which, as your excellency well knows, is capable of defying all their forces."

"I know nothing out of my own sight, Don Luis," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Run back; hasten to rouse the tribe to receive and welcome him."

"Tell me, captain, what you have discovered about the pirates and their intentions," said the Governor. "Have you ordered out the scouts I told you, and have they reported?"

"They have come in this morning, not an hour ago," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Luis Mendoza has not been a soldier for naught, your excellency. The whole of the track from here to Chagres is full of our friendly Indians, who will trot backward and forward with news as the foreign devils advance. As yet they have done nothing, except to attack our fort at Chagres, which, as your excellency well knows, is capable of defying all their forces."

"I know nothing out of my own sight, Don Luis," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Run back; hasten to rouse the tribe to receive and welcome him."

"Tell me, captain, what you have discovered about the pirates and their intentions," said the Governor. "Have you ordered out the scouts I told you, and have they reported?"

"They have come in this morning, not an hour ago," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Luis Mendoza has not been a soldier for naught, your excellency. The whole of the track from here to Chagres is full of our friendly Indians, who will trot backward and forward with news as the foreign devils advance. As yet they have done nothing, except to attack our fort at Chagres, which, as your excellency well knows, is capable of defying all their forces."

"I know nothing out of my own sight, Don Luis," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Run back; hasten to rouse the tribe to receive and welcome him."

"Tell me, captain, what you have discovered about the pirates and their intentions," said the Governor. "Have you ordered out the scouts I told you, and have they reported?"

"They have come in this morning, not an hour ago," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Luis Mendoza has not been a soldier for naught, your excellency. The whole of the track from here to Chagres is full of our friendly Indians, who will trot backward and forward with news as the foreign devils advance. As yet they have done nothing, except to attack our fort at Chagres, which, as your excellency well knows, is capable of defying all their forces."

"I know nothing out of my own sight, Don Luis," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Run back; hasten to rouse the tribe to receive and welcome him."

"Tell me, captain, what you have discovered about the pirates and their intentions," said the Governor. "Have you ordered out the scouts I told you, and have they reported?"

"They have come in this morning, not an hour ago," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Luis Mendoza has not been a soldier for naught, your excellency. The whole of the track from here to Chagres is full of our friendly Indians, who will trot backward and forward with news as the foreign devils advance. As yet they have done nothing, except to attack our fort at Chagres, which, as your excellency well knows, is capable of defying all their forces."

"I know nothing out of my own sight, Don Luis," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Run back; hasten to rouse the tribe to receive and welcome him."

"Tell me, captain, what you have discovered about the pirates and their intentions," said the Governor. "Have you ordered out the scouts I told you, and have they reported?"

"They have come in this morning, not an hour ago," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Luis Mendoza has not been a soldier for naught, your excellency. The whole of the track from here to Chagres is full of our friendly Indians, who will trot backward and forward with news as the foreign devils advance. As yet they have done nothing, except to attack our fort at Chagres, which, as your excellency well knows, is capable of defying all their forces."

"I know nothing out of my own sight, Don Luis," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Run back; hasten to rouse the tribe to receive and welcome him."

"Tell me, captain, what you have discovered about the pirates and their intentions," said the Governor. "Have you ordered out the scouts I told you, and have they reported?"

"They have come in this morning, not an hour ago," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Luis Mendoza has not been a soldier for naught, your excellency. The whole of the track from here to Chagres is full of our friendly Indians, who will trot backward and forward with news as the foreign devils advance. As yet they have done nothing, except to attack our fort at Chagres, which, as your excellency well knows, is capable of defying all their forces."

"I know nothing out of my own sight, Don Luis," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Run back; hasten to rouse the tribe to receive and welcome him."

"Tell me, captain, what you have discovered about the pirates and their intentions," said the Governor. "Have you ordered out the scouts I told you, and have they reported?"

"They have come in this morning, not an hour ago," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Luis Mendoza has not been a soldier for naught, your excellency. The whole of the track from here to Chagres is full of our friendly Indians, who will trot backward and forward with news as the foreign devils advance. As yet they have done nothing, except to attack our fort at Chagres, which, as your excellency well knows, is capable of defying all their forces."

"I know nothing out of my own sight, Don Luis," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Run back; hasten to rouse the tribe to receive and welcome him."

"Tell me, captain, what you have discovered about the pirates and their intentions," said the Governor. "Have you ordered out the scouts I told you, and have they reported?"

"They have come in this morning, not an hour ago," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Luis Mendoza has not been a soldier for naught, your excellency. The whole of the track from here to Chagres is full of our friendly Indians, who will trot backward and forward with news as the foreign devils advance. As yet they have done nothing, except to attack our fort at Chagres, which, as your excellency well knows, is capable of defying all their forces."

"I know nothing out of my own sight, Don Luis," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Run back; hasten to rouse the tribe to receive and welcome him."

"Tell me, captain, what you have discovered about the pirates and their intentions," said the Governor. "Have you ordered out the scouts I told you, and have they reported?"

"They have come in this morning, not an hour ago," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Luis Mendoza has not been a soldier for naught, your excellency. The whole of the track from here to Chagres is full of our friendly Indians, who will trot backward and forward with news as the foreign devils advance. As yet they have done nothing, except to attack our fort at Chagres, which, as your excellency well knows, is capable of defying all their forces."

"I know nothing out of my own sight, Don Luis," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Run back; hasten to rouse the tribe to receive and welcome him."

"Tell me, captain, what you have discovered about the pirates and their intentions," said the Governor. "Have you ordered out the scouts I told you, and have they reported?"

"They have come in this morning, not an hour ago," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Luis Mendoza has not been a soldier for naught, your excellency. The whole of the track from here to Chagres is full of our friendly Indians, who will trot backward and forward with news as the foreign devils advance. As yet they have done nothing, except to attack our fort at Chagres, which, as your excellency well knows, is capable of defying all their forces."

"I know nothing out of my own sight, Don Luis," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Run back; hasten to rouse the tribe to receive and welcome him."

"Tell me, captain, what you have discovered about the pirates and their intentions," said the Governor. "Have you ordered out the scouts I told you, and have they reported?"

"They have come in this morning, not an hour ago," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Luis Mendoza has not been a soldier for naught, your excellency. The whole of the track from here to Chagres is full of our friendly Indians, who will trot backward and forward with news as the foreign devils advance. As yet they have done nothing, except to attack our fort at Chagres, which, as your excellency well knows, is capable of defying all their forces."

"I know nothing out of my own sight, Don Luis," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Run back; hasten to rouse the tribe to receive and welcome him."

"Tell me, captain, what you have discovered about the pirates and their intentions," said the Governor. "Have you ordered out the scouts I told you, and have they reported?"

"They have come in this morning, not an hour ago," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Luis Mendoza has not been a soldier for naught, your excellency. The whole of the track from here to Chagres is full of our friendly Indians, who will trot backward and forward with news as the foreign devils advance. As yet they have done nothing, except to attack our fort at Chagres, which, as your excellency well knows, is capable of defying all their forces."

"I know nothing out of my own sight, Don Luis," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Run back; hasten to rouse the tribe to receive and welcome him."

"Tell me, captain, what you have discovered about the pirates and their intentions," said the Governor. "Have you ordered out the scouts I told you, and have they reported?"

"They have come in this morning, not an hour ago," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Luis Mendoza has not been a soldier for naught, your excellency. The whole of the track from here to Chagres is full of our friendly Indians, who will trot backward and forward with news as the foreign devils advance. As yet they have done nothing, except to attack our fort at Chagres, which, as your excellency well knows, is capable of defying all their forces."

"I know nothing out of my own sight, Don Luis," said the captain, in a tone of importance. "Run back; hasten to rouse the tribe to receive and welcome him."

"Tell me, captain, what you have discovered about the pirates and their intentions," said the Governor. "Have you ordered out the scouts I told you, and have they reported?"

"They have come in this morning, not an hour ago," said the captain, in a

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are invited to do so at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers:

One copy, four months \$1.00

Two copies, one year \$2.00

In all cases for the first year, it will be necessary to give address to the State and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at expiration of subscription. Subscriptions can start with any late number.

Canadian subscribers will have to pay 25 cents extra, to pay American postage.

All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to

BRADLEY AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,

98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Oil Coomes Again!

Readers, whose enthusiasm over "The Boy Spy," "Hawkeye Harry," "Death Notch," etc., etc., has been so freely expressed, will be delighted at the announcement that we have in for early use

OLD HURRICANE;

or,
The Dumb Spy of the Des Moines.

A ROMANCE OF THE BLACK HAWK COUNTRY.

BY OLL COOMES.

One hardly knows which most to admire—this author's story proper, or the exquisite photograph of the Men and Women of the Border which each story presents. His story is always strange, original and teeming with surprises; while his characters are so living and real that we are inclined to regard the whole narrative as one of fact rather than of fancy.

Old Hurricane is a forest Hercules—just such a man as almost every settler has seen or heard of, whose dislike of the Indian led him to become a Man-Hunter; but withal, so honest, brave and good that we love him at once.

The Dumb Spy is a new character in American Fiction, and a very fine character, too—speechless, relentless, and yet trusty as steel itself.

It is a great pleasure to lay such stories as this before our expectant audience, since it is so immensely in manner and matter that it will give immense satisfaction.

Our Arm-Chair.

Our Sketch Writers.—The character of a paper is greatly determined by its short stories and sketches. Its serials may be ever so good and popular, but they are stately guests and we greatly miss the chattering, and excitement and feeling of the story-teller who deals with everyday episodes, or who relates some experience or adventure sure to enlist attention. Indeed, it may be said the short stories and minor matter of the paper determine its most essential qualifications to be regarded as a family and fireside journal, for young folks and old first read the miscellany and sketches, and make them the subject of their remarks.

A great many years' experience in catering for popular taste has led us to place a higher estimate upon the value of those seemingly minor features than is common with our contemporaries; and, carrying out our idea, we have called around us some of the best sketch and short story writers in the country. As a consequence, the SATURDAY JOURNAL has won a most enviable reputation in this specialty. No paper now published presumes to vie with us in the variety and excellence of our minor matter.

In the line of love story, pure and simple, what writer of to-day can compare with the charming Mrs. Mary Reed Crowell? In the combined love and dramatic delineation, who is more intensely interesting than Mrs. Jennie Davis Burton? In character and action, who can depict with more power than Frederick Whittaker, T. C. Harbaugh and Col. Prentiss Ingraham? In the border story and camp-fire yarn, who is at all comparable with our own Ralph Ringwood and young Brain Adams? In tales of Indian and Frontier life, who writes with more power and intimate personal knowledge of the field than Joseph E. Badger and Major Mac Martine? In homely life and the odd side of human nature, who is so enter-taining as Eben E. Rexford and Mattie Dyer Britts?

It may seem invidious to mention these where numerous others who cater for our pages are so good; but these names, we may assume, have won a distinctiveness that entitles them to special recognition. Of writers in other departments we shall have something to say in a future number.

The New Wine Process.—Among recent discoveries in "applied science," one of the most interesting is that relative to wine. It is found that, by heating the product of the vineyard, the wine gains immeasurably in quality. Indeed, from a common vintage some of the best and rarest wines in the world can be perfectly reproduced. So greatly has this discovery changed the entire aspect of the trade, that some of the old dealers in Europe, whose contents have been regarded as almost priceless, are suddenly dethroned, and the vintner of one year is placed on a level with the wine-grower of half a century ago.

The French Academy of Sciences has obtained the following formula or rules to govern the application of the heat:

1. If we heat new wines rich in soluble matters we give them the character of the wines of Spain and Portugal.

2. In the application of heat, we must take into consideration the amount of alcohol contained in the wine; its vinosity (proportion of alcohol) permitting us to lower the degree of heat needed for its improvement and conservation.

3. The age of a wine has a very great influence upon the character which it presents after heating. This process does not succeed with old wines.

4. It is equally needful to take account of the time the wine has been in the wood and in bottle.

5. Heating gives in general excellent results with white wines. In applying it to new wines, still rich in soluble matters, we preserve in them that precious quality technically known as "liqueur."

6. The degree of heat is a capital point; that suitable for superior kinds of Burgundy, rich in alcohol, is 112° F. There exist, in fact, for each wine, peculiar conditions in heating, which must be obtained by experiment with the products of each vintage.

We are no advocate of general wine-drinking; but, since the growing of the grape has now be-

come one of the great industries of the country, and wine-making and wine-drinking are to become as much a matter of course with us as in France or Spain, it is well to be informed on this discovery, that our American product may be as good as it is possible to make it, commercially and dietetically.

Chat.—A leading religious Weekly is after the "chromo" disseminators with a "sharp stick." It says, among other things: "There have been some good pictures distributed, but there has been a wholesale degradation of art by the wholesale scattering of miserable daubs which are absolutely worth nothing. The fraud is evident," and the "Watchman" (well named) adds this very pertinent reminder, for the consideration of that gullible portion of the public who subscribe for a paper to obtain a "chromo" worth three or four times the price of subscription:

"Publishers are not fools, nor are they so generous as to ruin themselves, financially, by giving away to every one or two dollar subscriber a chromo that can not be bought at any print store for less than five dollars or some other ridiculous sum. Perhaps the original was worth five dollars—but the machine-made reproductions are at twenty-five cents each."

This may be "rough" on the papers that have sent out flocks of these specimens of wood-cut printing in colors, calling them "chromos"; but, are all in the trade who know how the pictures are manufactured and how comparatively trifling is their cost, the strictures will not be voted unjust.

Nor does it help the matter that a large number of professedly "religious" weeklies have helped to spread these Cheap Johns of art, since these weeklies are just as much published to make money as the most secular and popular papers, and to obtain a circulation they are just as likely to "stretch the blanket" as any other class of business men.

LOOK AT HOME.

We go to church on Sunday, and, when we come home, we comment on Miss Snapper's photograph of the Men and Women of the Border which each story presents. His story is always strange, original and teeming with surprises; while his characters are so living and real that we are inclined to regard the whole narrative as one of fact rather than of fancy.

If Mrs. Jenks' boys come to see our boys, then happens to be a little unpleasantness between them, of course it is not the fault of our boys, but that of the Jenks tribe. Our boys never have any tempers to control, they never quarrel with any one, their doings are perfection, and are—in our estimation—so nearly like angels that it is a wonder we can keep them out of heaven, but as for the Jenks tribe—everybody knows what they are, "and, what can you expect from them?"

That's all detestable. Our bairns are no better than other folks', and sometimes a deal worse; and although we can never be made to think so, it certainly is high time it should be brought home to us.

We go into our neighbor's house and find fault because there may be stray threads on the carpet, or dust on the curtains; but we don't think that we have neglected our own household to pry into our neighbors', or that it would have been better if we had been sure our house was free from blemishes. To make our own homes more tidy, and to liven our own hearts with charity, it is first quite proper to be blind and unmindful in regard to the shortcomings of our friends and neighbors.

We talk about, and make sport of, our friends' hobbies, and wonder what makes them possess such singular habits, tastes and wishes, forgetting all the while that we may have hobbies and tastes ten times more ridiculous ourselves. Let us get rid of our own follies ere we make fun of those in others.

If our articles for the press are rejected, it is not because they are poor. Oh, no! It is because the editor is not possessed of good judgment, or he is partial in his decision, or he wants to crush our talents. Were I an editor (may Heaven keep me from filling so unthankful a position!) and any one were to say that to me, I'd box his ears until they smarted with pain; that is, if I could get near enough. I'll be bound editors feel provoked clear through, and would like to carry my precept into practice.

We go home to dinner half an hour late, and complain because the meat and potatoes are cold, when, if we had been home in season, that meal would have been warm. We blame others when the blame lies with ourselves. When will the day arrive when we shall examine ourselves, and see that the many faults we give our fellow-beings credit—or discredit—for, have their counterpart in us?

Because our young-ones don't learn as fast as some one else do, we accuse the teacher of being negligent and partial, and giving his attention more to Brown's children, because Brown happens to be blessed with a little more money than we are. That's not a made-up story, for I can vouch for its truthfulness. Such actions as these put us in a most unenviable and ridiculous light, and the finger of derision should be pointed at us until we changed our tactics, and became more acquainted with our own shortcomings, and less inclined to make mountains out of our neighbors' mole-hills.

We can remedy the evil—for it is an evil—for we can pay exclusive attention to our own concerns. If we really want to hunt for disagreeable traits, let us peer right down into our own hearts, and then, having found out our faults, let us strive to correct them. "It is never too late to mend," is an old adage, but there's another that runs, "It is never too soon to commence reform."

There's a certain young lady who I hope and sincerely trust will take what I have said to heart, and endeavor in the future to practice that charity to others which she is so fond of writing about; and not to make too much of a mystery of the case, I will impart her name to you—it is

Foilsca Papers.

The Siege of Troy.

DESCEND upon me, oh, shades of immortal Homer, that I may describe in words of great import and good grammar the great deeds which were done at the renowned siege of Troy!

Oh, memory of the time a man last kicked me in mistake! Rise before my excited vision, that I may paint in pictures of crimson the sanguine scenes of that memorable event!

Wife, drop a hot iron on my foot, that my heroic feelings may be worked up to the sublimest point of war!

Ten thousand pens stand obedient to my call, and nine thousand bottles of red ink close at hand!

Let me talk of this event as if I were talking out of the mouth of a cannon.

Let my points be the points of bayonets, and my words be as powder in the pockets of the reader, with the double concentrated force of nitro-glycerine, combined with unabridged lightning and number one mother-in-law!

Let these words take good hold upon you,

and throw you down and tramp upon you, and may you be struck by them so forcibly that you will never forget them when you look at the bumps over your eyes.

The Trojans had fled from the Greeks into the city of Troy for safety, and had closed the gate, and put a chunk against it to keep the Greeks out, and locked it securely and felt comparatively safe.

The Greek army camped about the city and settled down for good, for they knew they would have to besiege that city for ten years before the Trojans would besiege them in the name of mercy to go away from there.

The Greeks felt perfectly contented to stay there twenty years, as they had nothing particular to do, and all had wives at home, and they had sworn to whip the Trojans if it took all their summers, including their Fourth of July, to do it.

The Trojans would walk around on the tops of their walls, and spit down on the Greeks, and this was very aggravating to their heroic souls. Time and again did they try to scale those walls, but they had no scales and failed. Once, indeed, did a few of the Greeks succeed in picking the lock of the gate of Troy, but they were all captured suddenly, and excused themselves by saying they only wanted to have a little sport by swinging on the gate.

Often a daring Greek would attempt to crawl under it, but he would be caught by a policeman when about half in and get kicked out with all the horrors of war.

Often at night the Trojans would steal out of the city, and, while the Greeks were sound asleep, dreaming of pay-day, they would bind them hand and foot, and then proceed to confine them within an inch or an inch and a half of their lives, until they begged for mercy.

One of the most cruel things which characterized the beginning of this great siege was the device of the Trojans of letting down half-pint bottles of Indiana whisky from the walls, and, when a Greek patriot came stealing up after it, they would drop a rock on him, and, if he couldn't stand the pressure, he would go into the ground. This inhuman strategy was carried to excess until the European and United States Ministers were obliged to interfere and stop it. Nearly one-half of the Greek army was thus cut off, or drove in, as it were; and all cruel advantage was taken of the Greeks, who would come up on a hot day and go to sleep in the shade of the walls—by picking their pockets with a long pole, with a hook on the end of it, or by yelling "Breakfast's ready," and disturbing their slumbers.

This horrible code was finally done away with by foreign intervention, and once, while the Greeks were celebrating St. Patrick's day in the morning, the Trojans came out and piled every one of them up in piles eight feet high, and laid boards with huge rocks on top of them, to keep them down. The Greeks knew nothing of it until next morning, when they found themselves corded up and half-dead. This act was considered by the world as the greatest outrage of the war. The Trojans shortly after apologized for it.

Every time the Greeks got a battering-ram in position to batter the wall, the Trojans would let down a rope and lasso the machine and haul it up, but they would receive such a shower of stones they would have to fall back, knocked clear off the wall.

Don Quixote, who commanded the Greeks, surveyed the walls of Troy every day, but found no flaws in them. He announced that they were the best put up job he had ever seen; and, in fact, it was a regular *put-up job* on the Greeks, for the wall of Troy was nothing but a paper imitation of a granite wall, with the intent to deceive somebody.

The Greeks made various attempts to reduce the city, besides trying to reduce the population. They tried to dig under it and let it fall; they tried to raze it by knocking it down; they tried to burn it, but the spy couldn't find out where Mrs. O'Leary lived with her cow; but they never gave up. They said they had come before Troy on business and had brought their dinners and meant to stay, and that Troy or Albany together could not dislodge them unless the Legislature was there.

In the mean time, the Greek vessel, *Alabama*, was abroad on the seas, playing smash with the Trojan vessels, and making "claims."

For ten long years did the siege continue. What a long time to wait! It was a very heavy weight (this was the origin of Troy weight). All the Greeks' wives at home had married again. It was discouraging.

As a last resort the Greeks got a large hog-head on a wagon and filled it with men, left it before the gate of Troy and marched away. The hog-head was labeled "Old Rye, 1856." The Trojans felt like taking it in. At night they unlatched the gate and did so. While they were hunting around for a spigot and some glasses, the soldiers inside got out, took the gate off its hinges, and let the Greeks, who had returned, come in. The town was bagged and sacked, and afterward removed to the State of New York, where she has resumed her former glory.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Woman's World.

Two Successful Women.—The Young Dressmaker's Story.—What is Success.—A Contrast.—The Lesson.—We can not make Oaks of Pines.

ONE morning last week chance led me to the establishment of a young dressmaker, one who has just commenced "business for herself." She rents a whole residence for her establishment on Seventeenth street, and it is handsomely furnished throughout. On her center-table are some rare volumes of "Costumes of all Ages," and a "scrap-book," which she commenced twelve years ago when she was a little girl working at three dollars a week, in the dress-making department at Stewart's great dry-goods palace. That old scrap-book shows the early artistic proclivities of the young dressmaker, for dress-making is a fine, if not a high art. No two pages in that scrap-book are alike, and the ornamentation in scrap-book, done by her own hand, are positively Medieval in character.

Where the young girl found her models is as much a mystery as where she gets the designs of the "creations" in the way of dresses she makes for her customers. It is not poets alone who are "born not made." Marie W. was born a dressmaker, or *artist* in costumes. Moreover, she was born practical, sensible, judicious and discreet. I use both those last adjectives intentionally, for to be discreet and to be judicious are two very different things. I have known some very discreet women who were extremely injudicious, and I have known others who frequently spoiled the results of their judicious reckonings by a want of that very needful discretion in the moment of action.

But, to return to my young dress artist. When a little girl only twelve years old, she began her trade at Stewart's, receiving, as I said, only three dollars a week. Of course this did not support her. Her parents, working people like herself, were not unwilling to have their child work for that small sum, while she was *learning her trade*. She was blessed with perfect health, having never known what a day's sickness was, and as she now says, "never had an ache or pain in her life." Her wages were gradually increased, until she left

her first employers, four years ago, honorably resigning a place where she was receiving twenty-five dollars a week, to go to one where she was offered thirty dollars. This sum was gradually increased at the last establishment to forty dollars per week.

In the mean time, with rare tact, this young woman had made friends for herself among the numerous ladies who had their dresses made at the two places where she had worked. I said with rare tact. I mean with unconscious tact, for she had no particular object in conciliating their favor. For two years before she left her last employers to begin business for herself, she was intrusted with the entire charge of the dress department. Till within a few days before she resigned her position, she had no idea of doing so, and an accidental, or Providential, circumstance, as unexpected to herself as to any one else, determined her to offer her resignation.

The Greeks had fled from the Greeks into the city of Troy for safety, and had closed the gate, and put a chunk against it to keep the Greeks out, and locked it securely and felt comparatively safe.

The Greek army camped about the city and settled down for good, for they knew they would have to besiege that city for ten years before the Trojans would besiege them in the name of mercy to go away from there.

The Greeks felt perfectly contented to stay there twenty years, as they had nothing particular to do, and all had wives at home, and they had sworn to whip the Trojans if it took all their summers, including their Fourth of July, to do it.

The Trojans would walk around on the tops of their walls, and spit down on the Greeks, and this was very aggravating to their heroic souls. Time and again did they try to scale those walls, but they had no scales and failed. Once, indeed, did a few of the Greeks succeed in picking the lock of the gate of Troy, but they were all captured suddenly, and excused themselves by saying they only wanted to have a little sport by swinging on the gate.

The Tro

REPENTANCE.

BY GEO. H. FULLERTON.

Give back thy love! Oh! hold it not,
Save thou wouldst rend my heart in wain;
I mourn thee in each secret thought,
Give me thy love! give back again.

Thou knowest not how deep I mourn
Since by mine act thy love was torn—
Torn from me—say not evermore!

Oh! then wilt love me once again!
There's nothing shall be bidden me—
Nothing that thou shalt bid in vain!

Oh! speak and let me come to thee!

Yes; it was I who did transgress,
But not in anger; nor to slight
Thy precious love—my happiness—

Ah! no; so sad was I that night!

Speak! tell me all e'en now is well;

Ope now thy heart and let me rest—
Rest in thy love, as ere I fell

From thy good-will, so richly blest.

Then with it! Heaven bless thee! keep thee!

There's nothing needs thy blessing thine!

Then with it? Then has it given me?

Heaven make thee with the saints to shine!

The Beautiful Forger:

THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG GIRL.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLETT.

AUTHOR OF "MADELEINE'S MARRIAGE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

CHANGING CAGES.

The outlaw had passed a sleepless night, smarting and burning with fever from his troublesome wound. No words can describe his rage when the news was brought to him. He cursed and raved, and threatened all whose business it had been to secure the prisoner. How had he got out? The bars ought to have been invincible, and how had the bonds been slipped off his hands? How had he got across the lake? When pursuit was made, why did not two or three men go? Time! No time to call them up? They ought to have been up already, so near morning! And, most important of all, was the girl gone?

No, she was safe enough. And no one suspected the pale and spectral woman who had furnished the young man with the means of breaking out.

The chief had now to apprehend a speedy visit from the legal authorities, with a demand for his captive's release. What should be done? He would have carried her off to his stronghold in the mountains at once, but his wound, and the fever resulting from it, rendered a journey dangerous to life. His leech warned Quereados that it might be fatal; that it could not fail to lay him up, perhaps for many months.

The thought of Helen's deliverance was madening to him; he could not bear to be deprived of aught he had determined should be his own, and he resorted to a desperate expedient.

Olivia's residence was not many miles distant. He determined to send his lovely prisoner to her, and there no one would ever dream of searching for her.

Olivia was bound to him not only for past obligations, but by future interests. She would not venture to dislodge him. He would conceal from her his passion for the girl; he would pretend he had captured her with a view to further his fair ally's designs against Dr. Merle, whom he knew to be her father. Olivia might sway the old conjurer to her will, holding his daughter as a hostage. With this view he would say he had sent her the girl, not venturing to keep her himself so near the towns, and being disabled from a wound from taking her elsewhere.

The outlaw thought his idea a capital one. He ordered three of his men to mount, and place a side-saddle on a horse for the young girl. She had been told to get ready for instant removal.

Helen would have been in despair at these orders, but for another brief visit from the lonely lady, who had bidden her obey, without hesitation, whatever she was ordered to do. "I shall not be long," she said, "in discovering where you are concealed; and I will send word to your friends. Write it down here, where they may be found."

With tears of gratitude the girl strove to express the deep obligation she felt, but the other silenced her sternly.

"I want no thanks," she said, haughtily. "I told you that what I have done with no good-will to you. Your youth and beauty pain me, and but that you hate the chief, I might have done you harm. Do not cross his path again. Let me never see you more."

She turned and left the room without an adieu.

In a very short time Helen was conducted out of the castle, to the ground where stood her horse. She was placed in the saddle. She did not venture a word of remonstrance. Her three attendants rode one on each side, the other behind her, and at a swift pace.

She did not think of attempting an escape, for she knew well that she would soon be recaptured. Nothing had been offered her to eat in the hurry of her departure; but the keen fresh air revived her, and she felt no want of strength.

Meanwhile her active lover had lost no time in finding his way to a settlement, and had received directions where he could obtain efficient assistance. He procured a horse and rode at full speed to the post, where a small military force was stationed. He told his story to the officer in command, and was promised aid speedily. Yet it was long past noon before he was on his way to the stone castle by the lake, accompanied by the armed force detached to rescue the captive girl.

Everything was quiet as they came to the neighborhood. The calm surface of the lake was unruled by a single boat or canoe. The walls of the ancient building loomed up grimly from the water's edge, looking like one of the feudal castles of the middle ages, with battlements frowning over its broad moat. Not a single human being could be seen.

Walter and the leading officer dismounted before the front entrance, on the side distant from the lake, and knocked authoritatively for admission. After some delay the door was opened by a man in a herdsman's dress.

The soldiers were drawn up behind their leader. In a very few words he informed the man they were come to take away the young lady who had been brought there a prisoner the preceding evening, being illegally robbed of her freedom.

The man replied respectfully that no such person was in the house.

"He speaks falsely!" cried young Ormsley. "I followed her and her captor to this place last evening! I broke into that very room, and had a scuffle with him! He was wounded when my pistol went off, and I was overpowered by numbers, carried down stairs, and locked up in a dungeon looking on the lake. I managed to free myself, and swim for the other shore; they sent a boat after me; I knocked the boatman overboard, and took possession of the craft. Go in, gentlemen, and search the house."

"You can do so if you choose," said the man.

sullenly. "You will find no one here; at least, no lady, but those who belong here."

The procession filed into the hall. One by one Walter threw open the doors, and the rooms were searched. They were proceeding to ascend the stairs, when the young man caught a glimpse of a tall figure in woman's garments who stood at the top, and waved her handkerchief, as if entreating the intruders to come no further.

The two foremost went up a few steps, and stopped to listen to what the woman had to say.

"The young lady you are looking for," she said, very calmly, "was here last night. She is no longer here; she left this place early this morning."

"Where has she been sent?" demanded young Ormsley.

"That I am unable to tell you."

"Did she go alone?"

"I believe not."

"You may be sure not. If she is no longer here, that villain and robber has sent her away for safe keeping. But I must have proof that she is not here before I will believe it. Come on, my men!"

They went up the stairs. The woman receded as they advanced.

Walter led the way to the room where, from its being directly above his own, on the highest story, he supposed Helen had been incarcerated.

"This was her room—was it not?" he asked, as he opened the door. The woman assented.

"I see—" and the youth picked up a veil of blue bargee; "this is her veil. Where is she? You will gain nothing, madam, by attempting to deceive us."

"I am not deceiving you. I do not know where she is."

"We will search for her," and they went on, examining one room after another. Not even the loft was spared, nor the chamber, which the tall woman declared was her own.

Only one remained; a room at the end of the passage, with a massive oaken door, stained and bruised like all the others. To this the two leaders strode, and Walter laid his hand on the latch.

The woman held up her hand forbiddingly. "You can not go in there," she said.

"Why not?"

"The door is locked."

"We shall find means to open it."

"I assure you, gentlemen, no one is there but a sick man. He is my husband; he is dangerously ill, and must not be disturbed."

"The door must be opened, madam, or we shall force an entrance."

In apparent distress, the woman beckoned Walter apart from the rest.

"You must do as I say," she said, in a whisper. "You owe your liberty to me."

"To you?"

"Yes; it was I who brought the twine, paper and pencil, knife and iron rod. I dropped the pebbles under your window: I arranged the door."

Walter looked up at her, in undisguised astonishment.

"I set you free, that you might release the young lady; for I did not want her here. As soon as your escape was discovered, she was sent away, with three men to escort her."

"I do not know yet; but I shall learn in good time, and I will send you word. You may rely on me to do that."

"Oh, if you will, any reward—"

"Hush!" said the woman, sternly. "I want no reward; I want only to have the girl out of my husband's power. Give me directions where to send to you."

Young Ormsley wrote on a piece of card, and gave it to her.

"Very well, I have means of finding out.

My husband can not stir for some time, and I will watch for his men, when they return, and send a messenger to you. You can not want the girl more than I want to send her home."

There was no mistaking the sincerity of the speaker. Walter saw that his best course was to rely on her promise. He called off the men who had accompanied him, and told them so.

With courteous adieu to the dame, and a whispered reminder of her promise, Walter and the others went down and took their departure. The dame watched from the window till she saw them ride away. She had saved the chief from a visit, which might have cost him his life, if he had been in the feverish condition in which he lay.

CHAPTER XXI.

OLIVIA'S JEALOUSY AWAKENED.

The party in charge of the young girl reached their destination in due time, and the leader—Pedro—sent up to the lady of the house the letter dictated by Quereados.

She was alone in her chamber when she received it. Her ally and lover craved a favor at her hands, while notifying her that he had done her a service which had resulted in a severe injury to himself. The girl was the daughter of her escaped prisoner, the conjuring doctor; and Olivia was requested to detain her and guard against her leaving the house till such time as the chief could have a personal conference with her.

"Send Pedro hither," was her first order.

"Stay; Paul is here still; I may suspect something. I will come down."

She had a conversation with Pedro, and intimated her wish that he should remain, as her own steward was absent. He readily agreed to do so, and sent the two other men back to the chief's house.

Then the lady overwhelmed Pedro with questions, to very few of which could he give answers. He knew nothing of Dr. Merle. He had only heard that he was not at his own house, which had been unoccupied since the robbery. The young lady, his daughter, was traveling with a young gentleman, when her horse had taken fright and run away. The chief, he understood, had saved her from death, and, as it was near nightfall, had taken her to his castle by the lake. The young man, whose name he did not know, had followed Quereados, bursting into the house violently, and had suddenly fired on the chief, who had not expected any hostile encounter. He lay dangerously wounded, and had ordered the girl brought to her ladyship.

"And where is this hot-headed young man?" asked Olivia.

"He went off last night, and we had heard no more of him when we came away."

Pedro—as he had been instructed—took care to give the impression that the meeting of his master with the young lady was merely accidental, and his taking her home an act of general hospitality.

"Very strange conduct, certainly," was the comment. "It looks as if he thought the young lady a prisoner against her will, and had gone to summon a force to rescue her."

The man could not tell. His master was in no state to say much. Pedro had merely received orders to bring the girl here.

"Did any one know where she was sent?"

"Not a soul, my lady: and we were bound to secrecy."

"And you can depend on your men?"

"They would be hacked in pieces, madam, before they would betray what the master had ordered them to keep hushed up."

"You can do so if you choose," said the man.

"Very well. I will entertain the girl, as the chief wishes. You will remain in readiness to take a message to him, if I have occasion to send one."

She swept from the room, and went to the parlor, where Helen sat, in some trepidation, waiting to see what was going to become of her.

Olivia entered, smiling and gracious; took her hand, and greeted her as an old acquaintance.

"You have not forgotten me—surely? I visited you at your father's house but a few days since."

Helen recognized her. "You are Mrs. Slooman?" she said, timidly.

"And your friend? I hope you are willing to regard me as such. What is the matter?"

The girl burst into passionate tears.

"What ails you, child?"

"Oh, madam, you know not how much I need a friend!"

"Come, you must not give way to low spirits. You are anxious about your father, I suppose?"

"I was on my way to him yesterday when I was seized by the robber and carried off."

"Oh, you are mistaken; he wished to serve you: he saved you from being thrown when your horse was running away: he took you home because it was so late. You must not blame him; he is a friend of mine, and a very good fellow, though, as a foreigner, a little rough in his manners."

Helen would have protested against this interpretation of the outrage perpetrated against her, but prudence checked her outspoken frankness. It might be better for her to let it go, and had not the dame, whose good offices had enabled Walter to escape, warned her not to speak of what she had suffered, and particularly of her own secret agency?

"Come, I see you are agitated; and now I remember, Pedro said you had taken no breakfast."

Olivia touched a bell on the table, and when the servant came, ordered chocolate and biscuits at once.

"You are to be my guest for a day or two," she said, blandly, "and I want you to recover your bloom, and your strength. By the way, where did you say your father was? Is he at home?"

"No, madam; he is with friends. I do not know where they live; but I was going to him yesterday. He has been very ill and out of his mind."

"Out of his mind?" echoed the lady.

"Yes, with the grief of losing me. It is a long sad story, and I will not weary you with the particulars. My father had an assistant he relied on—an Indian half-breed—who was well educated, and so useful to him, that he trusted him in all things."

"Was he a young man, very short and thick-set—with a strange voice, in general deep and strong, but sometimes so soft and oily, you would think it came from a child's throat?"

"That is the same, madam. You know him, then?"

"I have seen him. Well—go on."

"This treacherous man robbed my father, carried away his gold in his absence, and forged a note to me, saying my father had sent for me. It was all a cruel deception; and I should have been killed by him if I had not been rescued. My poor father died of my danger, and was seized with brain fever. He wandered in search of me, and was at last found by friends, and taken to their house. He was not able to come for me, so he sent, and I was on the road, as I have told you."

Helen had been but imperfectly informed of what had happened, as will be seen.

"Then he is ill yet?" asked Mrs. Slooman.

She went down the steps and entered the carriage in her own peculiarly independent way, and every eye followed her with admiration.

Truly, Gervaise De Laurian's heart beat proudly as he gazed on her, so radiant, so stilyish in her traveling suit of Antwerp silk, and her dainty hat with a Bird of Paradise floating like a ray of sunlight over her dark hair.

"Barbara, have you no word for me? I am sure there need be no further secrecy in this matter. Our friends all know of our engagement; why need you leave me without a parting word?"

Roy spoke a little bitterly.

Barbara leaned back among the cushions, her face expressive of her displeasure. Why had he acted so foolishly? what made him speak in such a manner? What reply should she make? something that would satisfy Roy, and not displease De Laurian.

Her ready woman's wit came to the rescue.

"Surely I need not, Roy. I should think, however, you had studied woman-kind so thoroughly that you'd know by this time that we never express our private thoughts for the benefit of others."

Roy had full view of her face as she spoke, while no one else had; and, as she concluded, she settled upon him, and kissed the tip of her fingers to him, at the same time making a meaningful little gesture toward the rest of the party.

De Laurian had laughed outright when Barbara spoke.

"Good for you, Miss Lester. Davenal, you acknowledge yourself worsted by that broad-side?"

Roy could afford to laugh after that look of Barbara's.

"I'll repay you with interest some day."

Mr. Chetwynd stepped up to the carriage.

"You have no more time to spare, Barbara; Oliver will have to drive fast to catch the Newburg express at Paterson. Take care of yourself, and write soon."

With a beaming smile, Barbara nodded them adieu, and, as the carriage turned a curve, she waved her handkerchief toward them.

With a sigh, Mrs. Chetwynd turned to re-enter the house: had she known all that would occur before she again looked on willful Barbara, the sigh would have been a shriek.

"Such an idea! and yet, in its impulsiveness so like poor Barbara herself."

Mrs. Chetwynd remarked it to De Laurian as they entered the house.

"I think it very likely she will return as suddenly as she left. You will miss her very much, doubtless."

"Indeed we will; she seems as near and dear to me as though she were one of my own blood."

De Laurian started, with an exclamation of surprise.

"Is she not a relative? I always supposed her a cousin, at least."

"Oh, no; there does not exist the slightest tie of relationship. She was a sort of waif, who was left to our kindness when only a babe of very tender age. She and Blanche were just of a size and age then, although Barbara has grown the taller since."

De Laurian listened with eager interest.

"And you have not the remotest idea who or what she is? There was no clue to her parentage?"

"Yes, a slight one, that only seemed to heighten our interest in her. It is a broken chain of Florentine gold, joined by an opal stone, that is severed in the middle. On the under side of the jewel is half a letter 'D' and a complete one joining, thus."

She drew with her pencil on a card two letters 'D', lapped and joined.

"We suppose the missing half of the stone to supply the rest of the letter, and another also, to correspond with the half I have; thus making, when complete, three 'D's, that doubtless represent her parents' initials, while to us they suggest the terrible curse—Dishonor, Desertion, Death, which my poor Blanche seems to inherit as her fatal birthright."

A dense shadow darkened Mrs. Chetwynd's face, but she strove to throw it off.

"We named her 'Barbara Lester' because on her little robe that name was written."

De Laurian was listening with intensest anxiety to this story of his wife's early life.

"Blanche, bring the necklace for Mr. De Laurian to see; it is of rare workmanship."

As Blanche obeyed, Roy Davenal joined Mr. and Mrs. Chetwynd.

"Now that Barbara has gone, sir, I candidly admit the charm at Chetwynd Chase is broken. I came from the West purposely to see her, and in consequence of her sudden flitting, have not accomplished my object."

"Mr. Chetwynd, it must be useless for me to say I love Barbara. I have loved her for years. I desire to make her my wife. Can it be so?"

He looked every inch the noble lover as he stood there and proudly asked this favor at the hands of the courtly old gentleman.

"As you say, Mr. Davenal, it seems almost superfluous to tell us this, so patient has it been for so long a time. I will not stand in your way, believing you to be a man well worthy the hand of my foster-cherie. She will give you her answer, and, whatever it is, I will ratify it."

Roy bowed; he had not much fear of Barbara's withholding her consent.

"Then at Christmas, if she has returned, I may claim her?"

"So far as I am concerned, most certainly."

Roy's face grew luminous with the great happiness, and he warmly grasped Mr. Chetwynd's hand, and offered his thanks, and in turn received both his and Mrs. Chetwynd's congratulations.

Then he went across the room to De Laurian, who, his head leaning carelessly against the window, had heard, with secret triumph, the arrangements to give his wife's hand to this lover.

"You will offer me joy? and a long life to love and cherish her, De Laurian?"

"Most heartily I wish you all you will wish me and my bride. Allow me to announce the future Mrs. Gervaise De Laurian."

Blanche had at that moment entered with the chain.

Roy took her hand and touched it to his lips.

"Accept my most fervent congratulations, Blanche. And, as your present is bright and sunny, may your future be fairer and more radiant. De Laurian, you're a fortunate fellow."

"As well as yourself, sir."

They shook hands warmly, and then Mrs. Chetwynd touched Davenal on the shoulder.

"When you write to Barbara, Mr. Davenal, please do not intimate the engagement between Blanche and Mr. De Laurian. You'll remember? It will be a most delightful surprise when she returns to her own wedding to find there will be another."

"I will not mention it. And now, my friends, permit me to wish you good-bye. With your permission, Mr. Chetwynd I will take one of your horses, to be sent directly home."

"There is no need of that, Mr. Davenal."

One of the men can ride over after you and bring back Fire-fly—you'd better take Fire-fly."

"I may possibly catch the train. Barbara took—I will try for it, at least."

He bade them good-bye, gave a hasty order

for his trunk to be expressed through to St. Louis, and galloped away, followed by De Laurian's dark eyes, that combined a mingled look of mocking triumph and derisive pity.

"This is Barbara's chain, Mr. De Laurian."

Mrs. Chetwynd handed him the necklace; he took it to the window to examine it.

"What does Barbara herself think of it?" he asked.

"She does not say; I know she would like to keep it in her own possession, but I think it should remain in my keeping."

"Undoubtedly; and you may one day discover she is a duchess in disguise."

Blanche wondered at the fire in her lover's eyes as he critically surveyed the toy.

A sudden resolve had entered De Laurian's brain, and, as usual, he acted immediately in accordance with it. This chain was a link that bound Barbara and—who was at the other end? Was the necklace a stolen bauble, or really the remnant of former riches on her parents' part? At all events, it must be his; it should be his.

With a sudden start of alarm, he sprang from the window.

"Mr. Chetwynd—Madame! what have I, in my awkwardness, done! I have dropped the chain outside."

He hastened to the door, and to the lawn, where, under the window, was an iron grating opening into the underground reservoir, from whence came the water in the fountain.

In consternation Mrs. Chetwynd followed him.

"What can I do to replace it? Any thing you can suggest shall be done."

De Laurian's face was troubled and anxious as he peered through the grating, then at the faces of Mrs. Chetwynd and her husband.

"Do not be so grieved. Accidents can not always be avoided."

Her ladylike manner assured him he was pardoned for his carelessness, and they went back to the drawing-room, while De Laurian, bidding them adieu, returned home. Out of sight of Chetwynd Chase, he checked the speed of his horse, and with a smile no language can describe, drew from his coat-sleeve the broken chain of Florentine gold!

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 158.)

man up fur to hold life and death in his hands, we want him to be squar' and correct. Kurnel, you've seen fire, fightin' for your country; and I take it that, if it come to going fur these cusses and a-wiping 'em off the face of the earth, you know when and how to go fur 'em in reg'lar style; and I jest tell you, kurnel, Get-up Gulch is with you every time."

The colonel again bowed his acknowledgment of Turner's compliments.

"Much obleeed, kurnel," Turner added, backing to the door of the shanty; "the boys kinder wanted me to come and see how the keerders were running afore they 'clipped' in; but, seemin' as every thing is correct, for the last time, kurnel, I repeat, Get-up Gulch puts up her dust on you, and she'll break the bank for you or bu'st."

Then Mr. Turner withdrew and proceeded to "carry the news to Mary" that the "kurnel" had consented to "stand" to the "boys" assembled in solemn conclave at the Nip-and-Tuck Hotel, which was the principal saloon of Get-up Gulch City.

And while the interview was taking place between the colonel and the representative of the mining town, another scene was in progress in the bar-room of the Waterproof Hotel at the Bar.

Just about half-past twelve, Jim York had walked into the saloon and asked for a glass of whisky. It being the dinner-hour the saloon was deserted, Shook alone being present attending to the bar.

The old man looked at York for a moment, but made no motion toward serving him.

"Will you oblige me with a glass of whisky?" York asked, a frown upon his dark face; and, as he spoke, he took a silver dollar from his pocket and laid it on the counter.

Shook quietly pushed the dollar back to York.

"What do you mean?" York demanded, in astonishment, and the visible signs of rage beginnin' to appear on his face.

"Your money ain't good hyer," Shook said, quietly.

"What do you mean by that?" York exclaimed, hotly.

"I mean jest what I say," replied the old man, firmly; "and I say to you over ag'in so that you kin understand me. I say that your money ain't good at this hyer bar."

"Do you think the piece is bad?" York exclaimed; "if you do, here's a half-dozen more; pick out one to suit you," and as he spoke he rattled the dollars down on the counter.

"I don't say that your money's bad," Shook replied, getting red in the face, "but I do say that it ain't good hyer, and you'll greatly oblige me if you'll walk out of that door and never come inside of it again. Now, that's good plain English, Mr. York."

"Yes, very plain," York said, with a scornful laugh. "I pose a man may ask an explanation of such treatment, mayn't he?"

"I ain't got any time to talk to you!" Shook exclaimed, shortly, turning away.

"By Satan you shall give me an explanation!" York cried, and he brought his clenched fist down upon the counter with a violence that made the bar shake.

"Look a-here! I don't want any loud talk hyer!" Shook cried, very red in the face, and he thrust his hand under the counter as if to grasp a weapon.

York looked at him with a scornful smile.

"Oh, you needn't try that game on!" he exclaimed. "It ain't come to shooting-irons between us yet. You've insulted me, and you're no man if you don't give me an explanation."

"I ain't got any time to talk to you!" Shook exclaimed, shortly, turning away.

"By Satan you shall give me an explanation!" York cried, and he brought his clenched fist down upon the counter with a violence that made the bar shake.

"Look a-here! I don't want any loud talk hyer!" Shook cried, very red in the face, and he thrust his hand under the counter as if to grasp a weapon.

York looked at him with a scornful smile.

"Oh, you needn't try that game on!" he exclaimed. "It ain't come to shooting-irons between us yet. You've insulted me, and you're no man if you don't give me an explanation."

"I ain't got any time to talk to you!" Shook exclaimed, shortly, turning away.

"By Satan you shall give me an explanation!" York cried, and he brought his clenched fist down upon the counter with a violence that made the bar shake.

"Look a-here! I don't want any loud talk hyer!" Shook cried, very red in the face, and he thrust his hand under the counter as if to grasp a weapon.

York looked at him with a scornful smile.

"Oh, you needn't try that game on!" he exclaimed. "It ain't come to shooting-irons between us yet. You've insulted me, and you're no man if you don't give me an explanation."

"I ain't got any time to talk to you!" Shook exclaimed, shortly, turning away.

"By Satan you shall give me an explanation!" York cried, and he brought his clenched fist down upon the counter with a violence that made the bar shake.

"Look a-here! I don't want any loud talk hyer!" Shook cried, very red in the face, and he thrust his hand under the counter as if to grasp a weapon.

York looked at him with a scornful smile.

"Oh, you needn't try that game on!" he exclaimed. "It ain't come to shooting-irons between us yet. You've insulted me, and you're no man if you don't give me an explanation."

"I ain't got any time to talk to you!" Shook exclaimed, shortly, turning away.

"By Satan you shall give me an explanation!" York cried, and he brought his clenched fist down upon the counter with a violence that made the bar shake.

"Look a-here! I don't want any loud talk hyer!" Shook cried, very red in the face, and he thrust his hand under the counter as if to grasp a weapon.

York looked at him with a scornful smile.

"Oh, you needn't try that game on!" he exclaimed. "It ain't come to shooting-irons between us yet. You've insulted me, and you're no man if you don't give me an explanation."

"I ain't got any time to talk to you!" Shook exclaimed, shortly, turning away.

"By Satan you shall give me an explanation!" York cried, and he brought his clenched fist down upon the counter with a violence that made the bar shake.

"Look a-here! I don't want any loud talk hyer!" Shook cried, very red in the face, and he thrust his hand under the counter as if to grasp a weapon.

York looked at him with a scornful smile.

"Oh, you needn't try that game on!" he exclaimed. "It ain't come to shooting-irons between us yet. You've insulted me, and you're no man if you don't give me an explanation."

"I ain't got any time to talk to you!" Shook exclaimed, shortly, turning away.

"By Satan you shall give me an explanation!" York cried, and he brought his clenched fist down upon the counter with a violence that made the bar shake.

"Look a-here! I don't want any loud talk hyer!" Shook cried, very red in the face, and he thrust

THE SATURDAY STAR JOURNAL

7

York, writhing in the keen agonies of impotent rage, and grinding his teeth like a maddened hyena.

"I'll give you a chance to prove that before you're a day older," Talbot replied, with provoking coolness.

"You're all a set of cowards!" York cried, hot with rage. "Give me back my liberty and my arms, and I'll fight you, one and all—I will, by Heaven!"

"Tain't any use busing us," one of the miners remarked, tartly. "We hain't lifted a finger ag'in ye. We don't know exactly how it was with you, seein' as how the sponge had bin throwed up for you afore we come, but, as far as your friend that he were licked in fair fight."

"He struck him unawares!" York cried.

"The galoot ought to be kept his eyes peeled after he biled in," another miner remarked, tersely.

"This man lies when he says that I am one of the road-agents!" York exclaimed. "Is he going to be my judge?"

"No sir!" cried Shook, emphatically. "Give me a fair show, that's all I ask," York said, striving to appear calm. "Who'll try me, then?"

"Judge Lynch, old man!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 153.)

Cat and Tiger: THE STAR OF DIAMONDS.

A ROMANCE OF LOVE AND MYSTERY.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.

AUTHOR OF "BLACK HAND," "IRON AND GOLD," "RED CORMORANT," "PEARL OF PEARLS," "HEROULES THE HUNCHBACK," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK CREST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

"CORTEZ MENDOZE, I am Dwyer Allison!"

"So I thought—devils seize you!"

"I ought to take your life!"

"Take it, then!"

"You are not fit to die, with the blood of Carline Mandoro on your hands."

"Maledictions on Carline Mandoro!" sputtered Cortez, venting the words in a strangled breath. "I did not harm Carline Mandoro, and I can prove it!"

"No, you can't prove that. Perhaps, too, you will prove that you did not kill Wart Gomez?"

"I tell you I can!"

"You lie, Cortez Mendoze!"

"Caramba!" squirming and writhing desperately.

"You did kill Wart Gomez; you did stab Carline Mandoro!"

"No—I did not! Wart Gomez died by the hand of Sanzo Romero; and it was he who stabbed Carline Mandoro. I am an innocent man!"

"Who is Sanzo Romero?"

"That is no business of yours!"

"This is a trick by which you hope to save your life!"

"Caramba! Devil take my life! I am an innocent man. Shoot off that pistol, and you will be a murderer! I will point you out to Satan, when you come to the next world! Ho! ho! ho!" and he laughed—a half-clucked, wild and savage laugh.

CHAPTER XXIII.—
MISTRESS AND MAID.

It was the day after the night marked by our recent chapters of narrative and explanation.

The hour was five, P. M.

Helene Cercy, in her boudoir, was sitting at a writing-table, idly twirling a penholder between her fingers and gazing absently down at the rich carpeting—not absently, either, for the lustrous eyes shone forth from their brilliant depths, a glance that was full of strangely-guided thought.

She had slept well the night gone, when Eloise had watched by her couch; she looked as fresh and beautiful as ever—only, there was a peculiar seriousness in the expression of her face, one indicative of unusual reflection, and inward musing.

"The girl," she uttered at last, in a low, meditative way, "may be just the one; the thing, the convenience I want, to rid myself of that villainous Cortez Mendoze. That she is his half-sister, I am convinced by what I learned from Jacques and Nio of their girl accomplice, Rosella—and Eloise must be this Rosella; by her own story of crossing the ocean with Carlos Mendoze—it must have been no other than Mendoze—and her subsequent escape from the *Orphan Girls' Asylum*, where the Quack placed her! I may, in some way, use her relationship to my interests. Or, if not that, then I must use her in some way, and force her to obey me, by my knowledge of her past life. It is strange how familiar her face is to me whenever I look at her closely. I am sure I never saw her until she entered my service, six months ago; and yet there is something—a glance that sometimes darts from her gray eyes—which reminds me of the dead Florosse—'death!' I must not think of my dead rival again! And I am foolish; I am sure that I know pretty much the history of this Eloise Cylcyer. The plot, now! How shall I manage it?"

She drummed on the table with the penholder, and stared harder at the carpet, as she tried to use Eloise in ridding herself of Cortez Mendoze; for, that Cortez Mendoze was half-brother to the maid, she felt assured by answers to questions she had shrewdly put to the latter during the forenoon, and which corroborated suspicions of hers, sprung of certain information which she had incidentally gained of Nio, one of the ruffians we have seen in her employ in New Orleans.

And she must have partially arrived at a determination, for the knitting of the delicate brows gradually relaxed, and the expression of her features assumed an easier outline.

While she was thus occupied, Eloise came into the room.

"Well, have you done as I instructed you?" the beauty asked, while Eloise lighted the lamp her mistress was accustomed to burn, instead of gas, in that room.

"Yes, madame," replied the maid.

"And there is another thing, Eloise—what about my servants?"

"They are all gone. They left within two hours after madame discharged them; and one said—"

"Ah! one said! What did one say?"

"One said—it was Leo, the cook—that she had heard strange noises last night!"

"Ha! And did she see any thing, Eloise, think you?"

"I can not answer as to that, madame."

"This Leo, the cook, may or may not have seen any thing, for all you know?"

"Yes, madame."

"Well, and was there any other remark by these foolish gossiping servants?"

"None that I heard, madame. But every one of them seemed glad to depart."

"And I am glad they have gone!" exclaimed Helene, worriedly. "But I hope they, or any of them, have not seen this Green Shadow."

Then, after a long pause:

"Eloise—I was questioning you this morning."

"Yes," returned the maid; adding, closely at present? I would like—"

"I wish to speak again on the subject of our conversation this morning," interrupted the beauty.

"Madame is interested in me. I am grateful."

"I have not forgotten a single item of what you told me. And I have much to add!"

"Madame forgets: she said she would explore the hole in the cellar wall to-day. Shall we not do it now?"

Evidently she disliked to have her mistress review the subject of their morning's conversation, else she would not have made the suggestion; for we know that—to all appearance—Eloise was strongly adverse to exploring the hole in the cellar and courting the danger which might be lurking beyond it.

"Never mind that, just now; there are other matters more pressing, to which I must attend. Listen to me, now!"

"Yes, madame," uneasily.

"I am going away from Philadelphia."

"Going away?"

"Yes. Instead of trying to find out who or what this Shadow is, that has haunted me for fifteen years, I have fixed upon another plan: I will try to escape it."

"Yes, madame," said Eloise, unmeaningly.

"At the same time, and in the same means, I will make an effort to escape this villainous Spaniard, who is my deadly enemy, and who, also, it seems, has been tracking me for fifteen years. You remember, Eloise, when you and I were riding in Fairmount Park, some months ago, I called your attention to a man who stared at us from a passing carriage, and who was out of sight before I could recognize him? It was Cortez Mendoze, the man who came here last night. He must have followed me from the Park, and ascertained, in that way, where I lived. He is my enemy; he has been hunting me for fifteen years; he has found me. I must get rid of him, and you are to aid me."

"I, madame?"

"You."

"How is it possible?"

"I will tell you. Mark well all I shall say. You mailed a note to me awhile ago, addressed to Cortez Mendoze, through the general delivery of the post-office."

"Yes."

"He may get that note, or he may not. I think it more likely he will. It contains an invitation to call on me, any evening within twelve days from date. When he comes, as I know he will, he must sit in that chair—one there, with the high back against the wall. Seat yourself in it, Eloise."

Eloise obeyed half-hesitating.

When she was seated, Helene went up to her, and touched a tiny knob—which was a spring—at the top of the high back.

Instantly, the arms of the chair crossed each other, and pressed tightly down on the limbs of the one who sat there. From the back there shot around a thin band of iron, which glided over her bosom, imprisoning her arms at the same time; and, from underneath the chair, two circles of iron clasped, with a double clasp, around her ankles.

It was an ingenious contrivance, a combination of machinery and springs that worked with terrible efficiency.

Taken so suddenly by surprise, and perceiving how utterly helpless she was, Eloise felt alarmed.

"Madame?" she screamed, in affright.

"Fear nothing," said Helene. "I only meant to show how easily Cortez Mendoze could be got rid of. There—you are free again."

By turning a small crank that was concealed behind the chair, Helene readjusted the mischievous apparatus, saying, while doing it:

"That chair was made for me, many years ago by two old slaves of mine, named Jacques and Nio."

Jacques and Nio! came like a startled echo from the maid's lips; and she trembled visibly.

"I am not mistaken," thought Helene, who had purposely uttered the two names with a peculiar emphasis, and then watched keenly to note the effect upon Eloise. "I am not mistaken. Eloise Cylcyer and Rosella, the 'thieves' pride,' are identical. See how quickly she recognises those names!—the names of the men I employed, fifteen years ago, in New Orleans! Then about—"

"Why did you start, Eloise? Did you—"

"I thought I saw a face among the plants on the balcony, madame," replied Eloise, interrupting, and nervously pointing toward the window which opened on a small balcony where there were a number of plants and flowers.

"But, why did you repeat those names?"

"Jacques and Nio?"

"Indeed, I scarce know. I heard you utter those names, madame; and, at the moment, I was so frightened, the exclamation must have burst involuntarily from my lips."

"She lies admirably!" was Helene's mental comment on this prompt excuse; and aloud, she said:

"Not a word!"

"Not a word!—unless to agree to what I propose."

"Oh, madame! you have ruined me!" cried Eloise.

"Not yet; but I will, if you refuse to obey me."

"No, no; you have done it already!"

"I say I have not—but promise you that I will!"

"But, madame, you have done it now! Oh, Heaven!"

Eloise had bowed her face to her hands, and seemed greatly excited and terrified.

"What do you mean by saying that I have already ruined you?"

"Madame!—there has been a listener to all you have said!"

"A listener?—no! Impossible!" and Helene glanced quickly around, half-expecting to discover some one standing near them.

The room was growing dark. The sun had sunk; and queer shadows were forming about the two, aided by the low, weird flame of the lantern, as they stood there, *en tableau*.

"You are mistaken, Eloise."

"No, madame, I am not. I saw a face at that window, there,—on the balcony."

Ha!"

Helene wheeled about, with the intention of hastening to the small balcony, to see if her maid was right.

But she paused short.

A startling sound fell upon her ears.

They could hear a heavy, rapid footstep ascending the stairs—soon it was in the hallway.

In a moment the door was burst open, with a quivering bang, and Cortez Mendoze bounded into the room.

He was bareheaded, he stared wildly. In each hand he carried a cocked pistol; his hair was on end in dishevelment; his face was pale, haggard, ferocious; and, as he broke thus suddenly and unexpectedly upon them, he half-yelled, half-yelled:

"Caramba! Malediction! The devil!"

"Yes, madame."

"You must also, wear a mask—a wire mask."

"A mask, madame?"

"Yes. I have noticed that, in figure and voice, you are very like me—your hair, too, is long and black like mine. Do you not see?—you are to assume the character of Helen Cercy. Behind the mask, which you will insist on retaining, you will not be known otherwise. You will receive Cortez Mendoze. When he comes, you will invite him up here. You will tell him that you have concluded to yield to his demand to become his wife—"

"His wife?"

"Pah! you will tell him that to deceive him."

Tell him that you wish to converse upon matters relative to the marriage. Persuade him up there. Seat him in that chair. Then make him captive, as I did you a moment ago."

"And then?" asked Eloise, pausing.

"Then you will set fire to the house!"

"Set fire to the house?"

"Yes."

"I have the lamp ready, like it burns now, on the table. Upset it on the bed and floor. Throw a blanket round his head, so that his cries may not be heard. Lock the door securely—and flee for your life. I will meet you in St. Louis. I want to retain you in my service!"

As this revolting plot for the destruction of Cortez Mendoze burst from the lips of the beautiful woman, a deep color suffused her cheeks, she spoke excitedly, her eyes flashed and glittered. While she unfolded the plan with such vividness, she could fancy she saw her hated enemy imprisoned fast by the contrivance of the chair, writhing in the smoke and heat closing around him. A picture of his misery arose in her imagination; she could almost hear his fierce oaths and desperate, agonizing cries.

And she had determined that Eloise should carry out this diabolical scheme.

"Madame!" exclaimed the amazed Eloise, in an accent of horror.

"Do you understand me?" interrogated the beauty.

"Madame! But—"

peded by her struggles, and her cry rung shrilly out:

"Louis! oh, Louis, help!"

It was over in an instant like a flash. The glass, held unconsciously in his tense clasp, its contents unspilled, was flung fairly in her captor's face; Louis struck him one blow in which all his strength was concentrated, and tore the girl's form from his arms.

"Isola! Great God! you here!"

Simultaneously with the shots and the command to surrender, the door of the distant room where Florien lay upon a couch scarcely recovered from her swoon, was tried, and yielding, opened. Mrs. Redesdale glanced around, the startled cry which rose to her lips freezing there, her face turned gray as ashes.

She was baffled in the very moment of her success. There, already in the room, were the three men—her husband, the man whose name she falsely wore, and Florien's lover.

Aubrey's voice at her side, Aubrey's kisses upon her pallid cheek, Aubrey's tears bedewing her bright hair, were her awakening from the unconsciousness which had mercifully fallen upon her. Before the impetuous lover even the long-absent father fell back, but after the first shock of surprise, Mrs. Redesdale's countenance—dark with malignity, gleaming with the triumph of malice—turned toward them.

"That is my son's wife, sir. If you can not respect her weakness, her husband will doubtless have satisfaction for the insult."

"Oh, my God!" moaned Florien, shrinking away. "It is true, Aubrey. They forced me to it—they forced me to marry him, but I never consented. Can it be a marriage when I was not willing?"

Aubrey sprang up to turn fiercely upon the scornfully-smiling woman beyond.

"How dared you—how dared you! Oh, but you shall bitterly rue all this!"

Then, while his passionate face was turned toward her, the door was flung back and Louis stood there with Isola's form supported in his arms. He was white as the colorless face lying against his breast, and his voice was a hoarse whisper.

"Mother, is this your work? May Heaven curse you as you have ruined us."

She shrank a little before the bitter agony of face and voice, but with a glance at Alec Kenyon, who was pressing forward, and a hand put out to restrain him, she turned her head, unflinching gaze to meet that of her son.

"Another grave opened—the sea gives back its dead. My work here is ended, I am afraid. My dear son, she is his daughter, Alec Kenyon's daughter by his first wife, as he will tell you—not mine. Since she has the honor of being your lawful wife, the little ceremony of to-night can serve as nothing more than a pleasant remembrance, an amusing recollection, the farce following the little drama which has ended in a preposterously old-fashioned way."

In the confusion, the glad excitement, the explanations following, the baffled schemer slipped away. Colonel Marquessone was not among the prisoners taken. He, with a few others, made his way through the tunnel connecting with the cave, and escaped in the smugglers' boat. It was supposed that she was with them. Wickedness is sure to bring its own reward; so, though obscurity clouds the fate of these two, we may know that it never could be a pleasant or a bright one.

Aunt Deb rejoiced in the task of nursing Florien back to perfect health.

Bitterly did Louis Kenyon regret the part he had taken in his mother's plot, but Isola, for giving and loving, would not listen to his self-reproaches, and had her reward in his idolatrous worship of her. Alec Kenyon could not give up his daughter. So, in enjoying the wealth of which he has come to be the possessor, he has taken the young couple for a prolonged sojourn in Italy. And Louis is winning fame with his brush, with the one strong love of his life as his trust inspiration.

A little company of three gathered in Miss Deb's parlor, and Miss Deb herself visible through the open door, wearing a softer visage than of old, and speaking more gently, but in other ways unchanged. Mr. Redesdale by the table, lost in the contents of the papers just brought in. Beside the open window, Florien and Aubrey talking together.

"So soon, Aubrey," she answered something of his. "We are both so young; we can wait a long time yet."

"So soon, indeed; and all the chances of losing you, from midnight elopements to bold abductions in open day! We are young, and I am glad that we are. It will give us the more time to live our lives out together. Is it yes, Florry?"

She hesitated, and the paper which had shaded her father's face went down.

"Send the presumptuous young puppy about his business, Florien. After doing without my daughter for eighteen years past, I shall surely claim her for the eighteen to come."

She threw a startled glance toward him, and then turned back to drop her hand into that of her lover.

"You'll have to take Aubrey, too, papa. Eighteen years, indeed! It's yes, Aubrey."

But, after all, it was early winter before the wedding came to pass, not midsummer as he had named. Never a fairer bride wore the orange wreath! never a fairer heart beat under fabulously priceless satins and faces! never a prouder, tenderer husband than Aubrey proved himself!

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lynne were at the wedding. And even then, loving his wife as he really did, acknowledging the great change for the better she had accomplished in him, Walter could not quite repress a sigh at the remembrance of what "might have been." For Gerry's undisturbed happiness let us hope she did not suspect it.

Eccentric Walter Lynne, the elder, was there too, and he found an opportunity to press a packet into Gerry's hand, as he said:

"Wedding gift, Gerry; never give you one. Just remembered—glad I did. You look unconsciously like your grandmother, to-day, my dear."

The little packet was a deed of gift of his own handsomely-furnished house. They took up their abode there, as he intimated his desire, and now a Walter of the third generation makes the old house ring again with his merry shouts, and Mr. Lynne, senior, no longer bewails the disadvantage of being rich without worthy heirs.

THE END.

National Peculiarities.—Heinrich Heine, the German wit and poet, gave the following account of the different manner in which Englishmen, Frenchmen and Germans regard liberty: The Englishman loves liberty like his lawful wife, the Frenchman loves her like his mistress, the German loves her like his old grandmother. And yet, after all, no one can tell how things may turn out. The grumpy Englishman, in an ill temper with his wife, is capable of some day putting a rope round her neck, and taking her to be sold at Smithfield. The inconstant Frenchmen may become unfaithful to his adored mistress, and be seen fluttering about the Palais Royal after another. But the German will never quite abandon his old grandmother; he will keep her for a nook by the chimney-corner.

TO A MUMMY IN A MUSEUM.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

For thirty centuries, sweet maid,
Thou hast in an old tomb been lying;
A poor old monk, a poor old friar,
Would come to thine and dry thy tears;
And whether thou wert brown or fair,
I might inquire till distraction;
But this I know that time that lies
Has not improved thy old complexion.

I'd like to know what name you bore;
Were you a princess of great splendor?
Or, were you a poor street urchin?
As a sweet-spoken peanut wonder?
Didst thou in courtly halls recline,
Which brightly shone with diamonds flashing?
Or didst thou toil at scrubbing floors,
Or do the cooking and the washing?

I wonder if these silent ears
Wanted at some proud young prince's praises,

Or, if they wanted to be a royal boy?
Who told his love while washing chaises?

Say, didst thou tread theatric boards,
Or in the temple swing the censor?

Didst thou know Pharaoh? (I myself
Know him some dollars worth;) please answer!

If they should put thee, maid, to soak,
And bring thee back to me again,
She that comest out here, these eyes,
Wouldst be much surprised, I fancy,

To see the changes Time has made
In modern feminine apparel,

With lace and ribbons by the mile,
And frills and flounces by the barrel.

They feet ne'er wore the bon-ton shoe,
With heels set high, O'leary's shoes;

Thee shouldst be as small as these
Of later times, by several pinches.

'Twould puzzle thee, indeed, to know
The mystery of the modern fashion.

Because thou couldst not comprehend,
And it would put thee in a passion.

The pride of long descent is thine;
And thee shouldst be as tall as these,

And thou hast worshipped at the shrine
Of late eyes in a world that's newer,

And like a dince I've come and gone
And wrote a poem dry as you are.

Almost Guilty.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

ERLE!

It was simply his Christian name she pronounced, but she threw into that word such bitter reproach, such anguished questioning that he turned his face so darkly handsome, so proud—half-inquiring toward her, without, however, a word.

"You hear me then," she went on; "perhaps I should congratulate myself that Claudia Entressel has not so completely infatuated you as to render you deaf to your wife's voice. Is it not shameful, I say, that a woman must come to her husband and beg for his love? And he giving that love to another—a young girl, whose bright eyes could allure him from his wife?"

As Editha went on, there was more of actual agony in her trembling voice, and less of contemptuous reproach; and her eyes, blue as a June sky, grew dewy and lustrous with their gathered tears.

It seemed very strange that Erle Gordon did not love her—so beautiful, so womanly, so gently fair, and above all, because she was his very own. But it was the heart-breaking truth Editha had told—bright eyes had lured him, a sweet voice had charmed him—Claudia Entressel, with her strangely fascinating way had won him.

Editha had passed since Claudia came to the Gordon family to be little Erle's instructor; and yet, because her own soul was pure, Editha Gordon had never suspected that the beautiful, graceful woman to whom she had intrusted her little daughter, was scheming and planning.

She had completely gained the ascendancy over little Erle, who clung to her, and followed her all the time.

And then she had captivated Erle—he who was not worthy to be the father of a child of Editha's; he who had won her love, and kept it, while he was not worthy to touch the white dresses she always wore. But she worshipped him—to her he was perfection; of him she would believe no guilt, until, at all once, like a thunder-clap from a cloudless sky, the curtain was withdrawn, and her horrified eyes saw what broke her heart.

It had come to a crisis unexpectedly, suddenly, and very naturally; careful though the two—this false-souled Claudia and her conscienceless lover—had been, they grew used to Editha's utter suspicion, and growing used, grew indifferent.

One morning, after Mrs. Gordon had kissed her husband as he started to his business, she gave him a pink moss-bud—a dainty half-blown one it was that she had picked from her favorite rose-bush—one that bloomed but seldom; that she prized greatly, and her husband knew it, for its rarity as well as beauty and fragrance.

Five minutes later, passing an open door—it was Erle's school-room—she saw Claudia Entressel bending over that rose-bud, caressing and kissing it passionately.

Editha went straight in, pale and wondering.

"Please, where did you get that, Miss Entressel?"

Claudia reddened, then paled, then drew herself up.

"I do not know that I am under any obligation to answer whatever questions you see fit to put, Mrs. Gordon."

Then tiny Erle's voice chimed in.

"Fa gave—"

"Silence, Erle!" and Miss Entressel turned like a whirwind to the little one.

"I see," faintly said Mrs. Gordon, and Claudia saw her reach out her hands for support against the desk. "Erle, close your books, dear, and come with me. Miss Entressel, you will find a cheque for the quarter's salary in the parlor as you pass. The next train leaves for your home at noon."

It was very coldly said, perhaps carelessly; but, oh, the horror, the agony under the mask! All that morning she remained in her room until nearly eleven; then, when she had filled out the cheque, went down into the parlor to await Miss Entressel's departure.

Sitting there in the cool darkness, it seemed as if her very being rose up in jealous, angry rebellion; gradually there dawned upon her the utter extremity of her permitting such a woman as Claudia Entressel to pass through her portals un punished for the terrible havoc she had wrought within the threshold.

She would punish her, too; ay— and Editha felt her pulse bounding madly in tune with her overloaded heart—she would punish her to the death.

That was the thought, full-born: Editha Gordon, the gentle, the loving and trusting, could deliberately sit and plan, ab! such plots, that in after days she strove often to forget.

Then, very quietly, and with supernatural calmness, she went back to her own room, and locked the door.

Without a quiver, or a tremble of the dainty fingers, she rang for refreshments to be brought immediately; and when they came—a tempting little basket of cake, a glass of claret, and sliced pineapple—she deftly sifted them with sugar-looking powder that, after a moment or two, melted and disappeared.

Then she rung for Miss Entressel.

"Since you will take the train at lunch time,

perhaps this will serve you until you reach your destination. Pray, help yourself."

A trifl paler than usual she was, perhaps, and her eyes were a set, steely glitter; otherwise Editha was not moved, even when Claudia Entressel drank the tiny glass of wine, and haughtily ate the cake and fruit, almost as if accepting a great favor.

Then, with a smile on her red lips that Editha never forgot, Claudia bowed herself away.

How awfully still the house was after that; Editha grew strangely nervous, and started at the slightest sound. She feared to think even of what had happened, what would happen; she dreaded to meet her own eye in the mirror, lest something should be peering over her shoulder, with that mockingly radiant smile Claudia Entressel had worn.

She pointed her finger in derision and scorn at the poor girl, and parrot-like, or rather, like children, the others followed her example, and cries of "Shame!" "Shame!" rung in the ears of the disgraced child.

She covered her face with her hands, and turned and ran away from them, never stopping until she reached her mother's side.

Then she sunk down sobbing as if her heart would break.

"What is the matter with my little girl?" Mrs. Deane asked, tenderly.

She was a pale, sad-faced woman, with sorrow-haunted eyes. A woman who, without being old in years, was old in sad experiences of life.

"I went out to play with the girls, and they wouldn't play with me," sobbed Mary, hiding her face in her mother's lap.

"Poor child!"

Mrs. Deane sighed heavily, but she did not weep.

She had found out, by bitter experience, that tears were of but little avail.

She stroked Mary's hair, and tried to soothe her kind words. But the wound she had received was a deep one.

"Oh, mother, do you suppose father'll ever come up drinking?" she asked, after a little silence.

"I don't know," Mrs. Deane answered. "I hope so. I have prayed for such a blessing more times than I can comprehend. If God heard me, he has not answered my prayer yet. He may in his own good time. I can only pray, and hope, and leave the rest to him."

"I can't go to school week-days, nor to school Sundays," said Mary, sighing as no child of her age ought to sigh. "And the children won't play with me, 'cause father drinks. And you can't go to meeting, 'cause you hasn't clothes to wear. It's too bad, mother, isn't it?"

"It's a sorrowful way of living," her mother answered, kissing her. "I do not care so much for myself, but for you. I hate to see your eyes which should be the brightest ones in your life, darkened and made sorrowful. Oh, if only he would leave off that awful habit!"

The words held the pathos and sublimity of the prayer.

"What makes Mr. Strong sell liquor, I wonder?" questioned Mary.

"I don't know," her mother answered. "To make money, I suppose. I think a man who can make money by selling that to his fellow-man which will ruin his body and soul, must have a heart as hard as any stone."

"I wonder if anybody ever asked him to give up such wicked business?" Mary asked.

"Maybe he'd quit it if he only knew what misery he was committing. Do you suppose he would?"

"I'm afraid not," answered Mrs. Deane.

Mary sat and thought for a long time after her mother left her.

Suddenly she seemed to make up her mind as to the course she should pursue, and she got up and put on her bonnet, and started down the road, without saying any thing to her mother.

Poor Mary!

Her home had not always been the unhappy one it was then. She could remember the time when her father used to come home from his day's work, sober as any man. Then her mother would meet him at the gate with kisses, and he would take up his child and carry her to the house, and they were all so happy, so happy!

But now!

She shuddered when she thought of it.

</